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More pure than thee, no martyred saint  
 Ere went to rest.  
 Than thee, no brighter from death's sleep  
 Shall break the tomb,  
 When the last trump peals on the deep,  
 Its note of doom.  
 And if the dead Redeemed arise,  
 Ere that dread morn,  
 Wilt thou first greet thy mother's eyes,  
 From death new born?  
 And shall the smile she loved, first break  
 The death vale's air?  
 O! shall thy voice in heaven first speak  
 Her welcome there!

J. U. U.

## CROMLEACH, AT KNOCKEEN,

COUNTY OF WATERFORD.

The annexed cut is a faithful representation of a *Cromleach* at a place called Knockeen, about five miles north of the celebrated watering-place, Tramore, in the County of Waterford. I should more properly have written that my drawing correctly represents what that Druidical monument was in the year 1825, because I cannot say what damage it may have since received, as I have not seen it for the last seven years.



The word *Cromleach* is from the Irish, *Cromleac*, a pagan altar, which is a compound of, *Crom*, God, and *leac*, a flat stone. The one now about to be described is situate on the gentle declivity of a small hill, as the name of the place, *Knockeen*, i. e. "the little hill," indicates, and was constructed of eight huge rocks, six of which stood upright, and the remaining two were laid flat upon some of the erect ones. One of the latter stones, which is about sixteen feet in length, and of proportionate breadth and thickness, weighing five or six tons, appears to have been balanced on the top of one of the upright rocks, as on a pivot. At the time I saw it, one end of this stupendous block seemed to be suspended in the air, but the other end was overgrown with ivy, which connected it with the stones beneath, and gave the whole group a very fantastic and grotesque effect. It is to be remarked that this structure lay due east and west, in conformity with the ancient custom, which assigned amongst the cardinal points a religious pre-eminence to the east. This superiority of the east over the other points of the compass in religious worship at the first glance strikes one as strange, nay, almost, as pagan and ridiculous, but many important reasons for its continuance are to be found in an anonymous work, entitled "*The Picture of Parsonstown*," published by subscription in 1826. The author of that work, in describing the new Roman Catholic Chapel of Parsonstown, animadverted on the position in which that edifice was placed, and quotes from scripture, the primitive fathers, and profane writers, a great number of curious and interesting authorities on the subject.

In proof that the early preachers of christianity were unwilling to divert their converts from those places of worship which they had while pagans been accustomed to resort to, in order thereby the more readily to win their attendance at their new devotions, we find mouldering in decay, within twenty yards of this *Cromleach*, the more modern yet venerable ruins of a Christian Church, and there also is to be seen a burial ground adjoining. A countryman I happened to meet on the spot, informed me that hard-by was one of those subterranean dwellings which were inhabited by the ancient Druids, and which are so often to be read of in Irish history. However, at the time of my visit the entrance to this cave, unfortunately for me, was closed up.

There cannot be a doubt but that the huge stones now being written of served formerly as an altar for sacrifice. The kind of altars which, Wormius informs us, were used by the northern nations and Cimbric, is similar to that just described. This amazing pile of ponderous granite presents a specimen of the *Rocking-stones* or *Baetylia*, (i. e. moving or animated stones) which the late learned Dr. Lanigan finds fault with Bochart for calling *anointed* stones, although perhaps either epithet is equally appropriate. It is worthy of note that Dr. Smith, notwithstanding his acknowledged research, industry, and learning, has omitted to notice this *Cromleach* at Knockeen in his able and laborious work on the County of Waterford. B.

## A CHASE OFF THE WEST COAST OF IRELAND.

The following animated and deeply interesting description of a three days' chase, off the West coast of Ireland, is taken from Captain Hall's *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*:—

On the 8th of November, 1810, when we were lying in that splendid harbour, the Cove of Cork, and quietly refitting our ship, an order came for us to proceed to sea instantly, on a cruise of a week off Cape Clear, in quest of an enemy's vessel, reported to have been seen from some of the signal towers on the west coast. We were in such a predicament, that it was impossible to start before the next morning, though we worked all night. Off we went at last; but it was not till the 11th that we reached our appointed station. Towards evening it fell dead calm, at which time there were two strange sails in sight; one of them a ship, which we 'calculated' was an American, from the whiteness of his sails—the other a very suspicious, roguish-looking brig; but as both of them were hull down, much of this was guess-work.

As the night fell, a light breeze sprung up, and we made all sail in the direction of the brig, though she was no longer visible. In the course of the middle watch, we fortunately got sight of her with our night-glasses, and by two in the morning were near enough to give her a shot. The brig was then standing on a wind; while we were coming down upon her right before it, or nearly so. The sound of our bow-chaser could hardly have reached the vessel it was fired at, before her helm was up; and in the next instant her booms were rigged out, and her studding-sails, low and aloft, seen dangling at the yard-arms. The most crack ship in His Majesty's service, with every thing prepared, could hardly have made sail more smartly.

For our parts, we could set nothing more, having already spread every stitch of canvass; but the yards were trimmed afresh, the tacks hauled closer out, and the haulyards sweated up till the yards actually pressed against the sheave-holes.—The best helmsman on board was placed at the wheel; and the foot of the foresail being drawn slightly up by the bunt slab-line, he could just see the chase clear of the foremast, and so keep her very nearly right a-head. The two fore-castle guns, long 9-pounders, were now brought to bear on the brig; but as we made quite sure of catching her, and did not wish needlessly to injure our prize, or to hurt her people, orders were given to fire at the sails, which, expanded as they now were before us, like the tail of a peacock in his fullest pride, offered a mark which could not well be missed. Nevertheless, the little fellow would not leave to, for all we could do with our fore-castle guns. At four o'clock, therefore, we managed to get one of the long 18-pounders on the main-deck to bear upon him from the bridle-port. Still we could not stop him, though it was now bright moonlight, and there was no longer any tenderness about hurting his people, or injuring his hull. The vessel, however, at which we were now peppering away with round and grape-shot, as hard as we could discharge them from three good smart guns, was so low in the water, that she offered, when seen end out, scarcely any mark. How it happened that none of her yards or masts came rattling down, and that none of her sails flew away, under the influence of our fire, was quite inexplicable.

The water still continued quite smooth, though the breeze had freshened, till we went along at the rate of six or seven knots. When the privateer got the wind, which we had brought up with us, she almost kept her own, and it became evident that she was one of that light and airy description of vessels which have generally an advantage over larger ships when there is but little wind. We, therefore, observed, with much anxiety, that about half-past four the breeze began, gradually, to die away, after which the chase rather gained than lost distance. Of course, the guns were now plied with